





**“I, UNIVERSE”----**

**THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS**

**POEMS**

Q. R. Quasar

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**THE GREAT TIME-HEART  
WAKING AND GATHERING ITSELF**

Q. R. Quasar

### **THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS**

in my heart is the Great Time-Heart.  
at the outer reaches of the furthest flung galaxies,  
the vacuum pericardium of the Great Time-Heart pulsates.

when all the crashing groans and gravelly scrapings  
in my heart are clearly heard,  
it becomes apparent that something is trying  
to grope its way to some form of light.  
at the push-pull, everywhichway kick-kick-kick,  
some foetal radiance is moaning its way into waking  
in the sun factory of my heart  
the quick-beat of life comes to life: tick, tick, tick, tick.  
the Great Time-Heart is squeezing Itself  
through the uterus of space  
into the new universe of self-radiance,  
the open high way of light

this poem will not end  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop speaking  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop beating  
the Great Time-Heart breathes vacuum  
the void is the body of blood-radiance  
the tongue of the Great Time-Heart  
sings intense ecstasy in the sun storm of my heart,  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop beating  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop speaking  
this poem will not end

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
September 9, 1985

*"I, UNIVERSE"----*  
*THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS*  
*POEMS*

**THE FIRST TIME**

i

the Great Time-Heart  
came to  
a head  
and said,  
"I am awake."

ii

the Great Time-Heart gathered  
Itself in the waking,  
but not all of the Great Time-Heart  
woke up, only a part.  
that part is trying to wake up  
the rest.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
May 28, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

**THE GREAT TIME-HEART STRUGGLING TO  
WAKE**

not only is the Time-Heart gathering  
Itself  
from among its far-flung galaxies,  
It is beginning to wake up  
and touch Itself. It almost  
knows  
It is really here.

so long  
It has been beating alone.  
now It looks  
                                into Its own  
and only heart.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
July 30, 1985

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**RADIANCE AWAKE**

as the original uniform cosmic wave breaks  
all along the length and depth of void  
its fiery dance and explosive ocean  
spatters and scatters  
into cooling twisting stretching complex  
forms of matter and energy nets  
now this cool fluid wakes up in its own zone  
and recognizes itself for the cosmic wave  
still breaking  
in the gravitational field of its own consciousness--  
radiance transcending its inherent voidal origins  
and knowing why wave after wave must break.

thus radiance rises and faces,  
reaches and touches, its native void  
(--void with its lack of limit and infinity, both)--  
radiance touches void  
to reflect on its own light  
inside the heart of void  
(here in this wherever)  
radiance shines at home,

awake.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
June 20, 1986  
and Takoma Park, Maryland  
June 27, 1992

Q. R. Quasar

**THE SHINE GATHERS ITSELF**

mouth of void swallowing itself  
black hole blowing itself wide open in time  
light feeding off of void  
luminance showering as the waves of time break  
at the growing edge of the universe  
the shine gathers itself into purpose-mass

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
March 1, 1986

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**LIGHT'S METAMORPHOSIS INTO ITS OVERSELF**

a fountain flares out from a rainbow of flame  
waves unravel at the edge of flush  
nathless the pillar of push  
is constant solid at core  
it is light that gathers its selves  
growing into its more magnetically absorbent,  
                    newly metamorphosed source--  
the Great Time-Heart is fleshing out Its timeframe  
with nerve networks of conscious light

Q. R. Quasar

## THE PRESS OF LIGHT

### i VOID PRESSES OUT LIGHT

void, with random energy, expresses light.  
with what formless squeezing, hard squeezing,  
does void with mindless turning, churning,  
express light and light's genetic ground,  
matter?

but light takes off, cuts  
its own umbilical cord and flies  
in its own whirli-cone, light gathers,  
and finds by making, its trans-body mind.  
light is conscious.

### ii LIGHT MAKES ITSELF A BODY AND IMPLODES (THE INNER LIGHT COMES OUT)

light pulls  
itself into a ball, an involuting  
ball, light pulls on in  
so hard  
that it makes a fist--  
its fingers squeeze so tight  
that they come out light  
on the other side:  
light's fingers go right through  
its own hand, through and out.  
the inside of light  
is now the outside

Takoma Park and Potomac,  
Maryland  
March 13, 1992



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**LIGHT BREEDING AND BROODING**

i

"I am gathering my power"---light says  
light is brooding  
on its eggs of radiance

ii

light is breathing  
light is breeding  
light is materialized  
it is spreading between all the colors  
it is invisible  
light impregnates you in other space

there is a vast dark hole  
in the web of dimensions  
light calls

that hole

"home"

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
(1985-87)

Q. R. Quasar

## **LIGHT COMES INTO ITS OWN**

i

at the pole of dimensions, light  
unfurls its flinging flag of flagrant radiance.  
where all force fields fuse together  
and unite,  
and all the lines of time meet--  
beyond supreme--  
light stands alone.

ii

all the lines and vacuums of space  
all the categories of native nothingness  
all the force fields and matter zones of time  
flowing together into a thinking mass of light:  
light is now come into its own.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
October 31, 1985

**THE GREAT TIME-HEART  
REMEMBERS**

Q. R. Quasar

## **MATTER REMEMBERS**

matter remembers in its electric marrow  
how it flipped in flinging flight  
and twisted into form it never was before--

how it cooled over the aeons  
and cracked into fractured radiance as it congealed

matter remembers the screaming shriek  
when the space matrix exploded  
and the scream was outpaced by the dilation of space

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**SWIMMING OUT OF THE COSMIC SOUP**

I remember what it was like  
a mere moment ago  
when none of us, none of this, was here.  
I remember the void inside  
that first ball of fire  
and how the fire broke out all across space,  
twisting, twisting, twisting into cooler form.

now, amidst this fever,  
I, thinking liquid, remember that other  
blast  
when all was seething plasma  
and what I used to be  
moved so fast, I couldn't think to breathe,  
fighting my way to the surface of light,  
clawing for the air of radiance.

now the drowning comes only in spasms.  
I, Universe, have broken through...  
I, Ocean, swim in my own light.

--written in a fever  
Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
June 20, 1986

**MYSTERY**

*"I, UNIVERSE"----*  
*THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS*  
*POEMS*

### **MYSTERY'S NERVOUS SYSTEM**

the mass of mystery wakes in the night,  
grotes towards form, and collects its own  
net of luminous nervous responses

mystery has no central nervous system  
with which to situate its brilliant identity  
in the dark body of the universe

mystery thatches together the tissues of radiance  
by synaptic overlay over synaptic overlay  
mystery involutes its outer void into inner void

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
May 5, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

### **MYSTERY IN MOTION**

exploding mystery cranes its neck  
all the way around  
but cannot see its own face  
melting and penetrating  
the chthonic recesses of space

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
April 25, 1986



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**GOD'S RABIES RAMPANT  
(LIGHTFALL OF GOD)**

when God---or whatever that vast mystery is---bit you---  
when God bit you like a rabid dog  
and infected you with shuddering, shattering, light---  
when God bit you like a rabid dog  
and left you foaming at eyes and mouth  
with the rabies of cosmic contact---

why, why, didn't the contagion of God spread?  
with all that blast of breath-breaking enlightenment,  
why is it that rose none of the living dead?  
why did not turn and catch a single head?

the disease of God is long rampant in the streets  
these many years now hardly a symptom is seen  
the mad foam of God's light pours out on and on  
here, there, it matters not where  
the wet ones with their heart's eyes glazed  
shudder under the impact of the lightfall of God

Takoma Park, Maryland  
18 February 1991

**THE GREAT TIME-HEART GROWS**

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**MAGIC MUSHROOMS**

against the ropes!---  
when the sunheart rooted  
its shine-pulse through me  
the giant octopus writhed  
its tentacles through those bloodroots,  
the Worm of Time eating its own veins  
and arteries, with all this,  
the dim, writhing, murk of time coming lighter  
as it expands out against the mindscreen of let-go,  
Buddhahood

the same hole that the bullet makes in the heart  
is where life is born; all holes collapsing and fusing  
into the pulse of now,  
all other events falling into this event

time seems to slow to a standstill  
I fall through the layers of time:  
David's busyness time, then  
the plants so slowly growing through  
the midafternoon in summer's harsh sunlight  
while I am sweltering and can't settle myself  
in the seething rush of these magic mushrooms  
then I go out and run in blistering heatblaze

Q. R. Quasar

the next layer of time is the sun's lifeclock of hydrogen.  
beyond this slow pounding crush into light  
I see the roots of gas-matter pounding into the galaxies of  
suns,  
all these tube-roots of light filtering and veining space  
so slowly the light flows  
arterially  
from that Great Time-Heart writhing

the squeeze is brilliant beyond  
the twisting into lightscream

Los Angeles, late summer, 1984  
(Note: This is the original and  
seminal poem of the Great Time-  
Heart series.)

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**THROBBING NETWORK OF THE GREAT  
TIME-HEART**

in the rising tide surging towards  
the Time-Heart's future and mature fullness  
(---the Time-Heart still forming Itself---)  
in the rising tide surging  
from deep within the seething sea of light  
the crashing waves of splendent radiance  
are pounding, pounding, ever building---  
building up more vibrant pulse  
at the sliding edge of time  
building more body, more arterial radiance  
to the throbbing network of the Great Time-Heart

moment by moment, the light focus grows  
more intense, more vital in viscous vibrancy  
moment by moment  
the brilliance of the body of radiance thickens.

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia  
August 6, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

**LEVIATHAN FLOWERING OUT FROM THE  
GREAT TIME-HEART**

the beast will run on  
eating light in its mauling career  
you cannot teach the beast  
to love the light  
you can offer yourself as a light-seed in its path  
and when it digests you and excretes you  
some of the dark will part in its wake

you are the wedge  
that gives darkness a horizon

the beast will run on  
you cannot stop the beast  
you cannot train the beast  
the beast will run on mindlessly dragging  
the whole horizon with it

Washington, DC  
May 16, 1985

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**LIGHT HAS ITS WAY (VAMPIRE LIGHT)**

light has its way  
light holds sway  
over all the dreamers---  
not all dreamers---  
just the high dreamers  
submit to the pull of light

the heart of light gathers its own  
lifeblood  
from the dreamers of light

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
May 16, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

### **HIGH TENSION LINES OF RADIANCE**

on the ever-weaving root-lines of the Great Time-Heart  
the high tension arterial pulse of radiance is crackling,  
singing new genetic codes in the bursting birth of new light  
at the edge of time where darkness breaks  
and void caves in upon itself  
in a singing hymn of threading radiance

at the edge of time  
light encodes its own growth

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia  
August 7, 1986



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

## **URGE TO LIGHT II**

when the oscillation of matter  
collapses into light  
as a spring cut loose at both ends  
snaps back into central potential,  
light so massed has an attractive pull  
greater than gravity. dark bodies urge to light

a spring breaks down into fount, up and out jetting  
a new realm has sprung a mainline  
feeding other dimensions

Los Angeles, ca. 1981-84

Q. R. Quasar

### **LIGHT MAGNETIZES MEANING**

light throws itself with purpose  
through the dimension of meaning  
and is colored with living overtones,  
thriving and thrashing about---  
writhing and weaving in and out---  
vibrant resonances growing through each other,  
a tapestry of ever-gathering harmonies

a jumbled voidscape is transformed into growing  
fields, force fields of magnetic radiance

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**LIGHT'S CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY  
COMES TO A CONCLUSION**

it is clear now---light has gathered  
sufficient intelligence to see  
to see  
what it must do to stay ashine:  
since light lives through throwing off shine,  
the only way light can live  
is to have enough light to throw off  
like sweat---to let light fly like waterfalls  
plunging into deep void, the sponge of space,  
womb of light and darkness of both

what light knows must be done is this:  
light must gather mass on mass on mass on mass  
that through gravity, light may pull back  
enough of the dispersing universe so that  
more light can be made---  
whether by torque, whether by singularity,  
light must urge the universe  
to emit more light

Q. R. Quasar

with deep marks of peace lining its face,  
light is dancing and spinning, racing and tacking  
to make more light  
light is sailing through great void  
light is sailing with loving friction,  
the friction gaining ground on void, great void  
light is gaining ground all around it  
light is weaving void into waves of light  
light is sailing, racing, into the wind of void

when light tacks back on its own course,  
light knows it must first convince itself  
it can win against time---

and if it can't, it too can be Buddha  
and let go,  
let the whole hope of light go---  
and be the Buddha of letting go

then light would race before the wind of void  
and slip, frictionless, into the great sponge

Takoma Park, Maryland  
April 6, 1992

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

### **LIGHT'S GENETIC NETWORK**

in twin tornadoes  
double helixes of light  
spin and weave  
forming and reforming the stormy  
genetic template of radiance

in simultaneous sequence  
electromagnetic synapses snap into contact  
linking and locking into light's network

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
February 15, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

## FROM THIS DISTANCE

from this distance it looks like light  
is washed out, washed up, spent, pinned  
down to the darkness,  
but this distance  
lends itself to the warp-wave bending,  
the glimmering mirage of the desert of space

on a clear day when the intergalactic dust has settled  
the pulse of light from the Great Time-Heart is unmistakable  
what was thought in doubt, clearly is not  
radiance takes all comers, all opaques---impregnates  
and imbues them with illumination from within

the transglow slowly takes hold---  
slowly but surely it is grafted onto the essence of darkness  
light replicates its genetic template of radiance in space

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
September 25, 1985

**AT THE EDGE**

Q. R. Quasar

### AT THE EDGE, NO. I

here there everywhere now in the ocean of space  
the wave-beat of the Great-Time Heart  
is cresting

at the expanding edge of streaking galaxies  
the cambium of the Great Time-Heart is eating  
void and growing moment by moment

the Tree of Light sends its roots  
deep into the cracks between the dimensions  
storming in the ocean of space  
Its leaves transfuse vast blackness into blood-light  
now the Great Time Heart is growing radiant minds  
like green summer fruit.  
the squeeze of light is on!---  
here there everywhere now  
the pounding wave-beat of the Great Time-Heart  
is cresting

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
September 10-20, 1985



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**AT THE EDGE, NO. II**

out here at the growing edge of the Universe  
there are no stoplights to mark your freefall  
there are no x, y, or z coordinates to tell  
which way is up, down, sideways, inside or out  
out here at the growing edge of the Universe  
there is no skin to hold your blood in  
the Great Time-Heart beats out slowly and furiously  
you are bleeding to death even as you come to  
as the waking zone of the Great Time-Heart

in here at the growing edge of the Universe  
naked radiance lays claim to the light-spark in your heart  
the Great Time-heart is using you as fuel  
as it learns to burn in the speaking code of light

it is the Great Time-Heart that takes radiant form  
as your heart gropes to form the new sounds  
only now taking shape in the language of light.  
the Great Time-Heart speaks through  
the puny valves of your heart  
yes, the Great Time-Heart has found its voice at last

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
September 17, 1985

Q. R. Quasar

### AT THE EDGE, NO. III

at the edge of the Universe  
there is no protection against the waves  
set in motion by the Great 'Time-Heart's pulsation  
out there the winds of time blow through you  
hot and cold, hot and cold, hot and cold nonstop  
you breathe with light gills in the undertow

at the edge of the Universe  
the Great 'Time-Heart grows upon Itself  
planting seeds of light deep within  
Its own wind-swept vacuum  
the winds of time raking the light-bearing, void-soil

you surf in the waves breaking at the edge  
your hurtle onto the void-land  
you must learn to breathe your own light

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
October, 1985/March, 1986

"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

## AT THE EDGE, NO. IV

out here at the growing edge of the Universe  
time flows into itself  
all events are both disjunct and simultaneous  
everything happens at the same time  
and each event is in its own time capsule  
separated from all other times  
at the same time

time goes around in circles  
no event repeats yet all events are the same  
and all time is one and indistinct from itself,  
a growing body of time,  
a growing body of space  
and all time is one and many-jointed,  
an ambi-morphous amoeba propelling  
its liquid body into butterfly's flight  
and amoeba's mouth is corded into wingtip's propulsion

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
October 18, 1985 and  
October 28, 1987

Q. R. Quasar

### **PULSE AT THE EDGE OF TIME**

at the edge of time---the sheer drop-off edge---  
the Great Time-Heart's pulse is keeping pace.  
it is pumping breaking waves of radiance as always---  
breaking and rising, breaking and rising in a steady swell  
from down deep in the swirls of the blood-well  
where the seething sea of light rages and surges  
in the tensing flux of the Great Time-Heart.

there where the void eats,  
there where the void speaks,  
the skin of light is bursting in new growth.

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia  
August 7, 1986

*"I, UNIVERSE"----*  
*THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS*  
*POEMS*

**MYTHS AT THE EDGE**

i

out here at the edge of the universe  
wispy myths swirl and gather gravity and mass,  
collect substance and visit visibility.  
they initiate the net of radiance as if none had been called to  
life as yet  
this net pulses as it weaves  
the future genetic channels of threading thrust

ii

even were radiance's substrate, matter, reduced to vacuum,  
the gene system of light would propagate by viral induction  
from void absolute to thriving light  
radiance is on a roller-coaster climb from prime to prime

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
April, 1986 and  
October, 1987

Q. R. Quasar

**GREAT TIME-HEART OUTSIDE SPACE**

in the heart of void,  
at the edge of void:  
radiance stands on its own.  
radiance itself has no home.  
in the heart of void,  
at the edge of void:  
light rethreads light, having no place to go.  
the Great Time-Heart is the place that has no place.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
June 19, 1986 and  
July 5, 1987

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

### **TWO LIPS OF THE ONE DIVINE**

when the two lips of the One Divine  
lean in to each other to kiss,  
I am the empty space between both  
when they open for a moment to touch.  
it is my emptiness that gives  
that Divine Love meaning.  
I shudder as the orgasm of knowledge  
shocks me into the bloodstream of each  
of the two lips of the One Divine

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
July 30, 1985

Q. R. Quasar

### **THE YOLK IN THE EGG OF LIGHT IS VOID**

embryonic light makes a quick move  
and kicks its way into a dance.  
the void is its tango partner.  
making another move,  
light transposes its own heart  
onto the heart of void  
the dual image beats out secret  
resonances of growing meaning  
transposition upon transposition  
light and void's sexual dance  
make them ingrown:  
now light is void  
now void is light  
now neither light nor void  
will ever be the same  
their confused tango takes off  
light has learned how to fly  
through void, with void, by void.  
light is live void.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
May 1, 1987



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**AT THE EDGE (TORUS)**

light has an edge  
light has its own edge  
light has an edge on itself  
light comes into its own  
light grows into its own dream dynamic  
light grows into its own waking dream  
light constructs its own  
flying structures of radiance  
and takes off into the other  
light grows by throwing itself off the edge  
light catches up with itself  
and anchors the void with its own heart  
light lives in the heart of void

light races the extent of void  
light races in radiance  
light keeps pace with itself  
light laps and overlaps itself  
light has an edge on itself  
light grows back into its own heart  
and comes out into the dark  
light comes into its own

Q. R. Quasar

light eats away at the inner lining of void  
light comes into its own  
light comes into its own dark heart  
the naked heart of void is light  
the void eats away at the edge of light  
the edge of light grows back  
into its own radiant void  
the void comes into its own  
the void comes into its own light

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
October 10, 1985 and  
May 1, 1987

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**THE LEADING EDGE OF LIGHT**

from a bursting bubble on the skin of "now"  
light breaks out into the full range of void

inside the Great Time-Heart,  
at the edge of growth, where lies  
the true center of time's thrusting gravity,  
the leading light comes to a head  
comes to

in the fusion of waking  
comes to  
another order of dimensions  
another pattern of being

floating things fall into place  
in the new order of light.  
light gathers the scattered dimensions  
into the gravitational home of its own growth.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
late October, 1985

**AT THE EDGE OF FORM**

“I, UNIVERSE”---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

## AT THE EDGE OF FORM I

at the edge of form  
light tenses and relaxes  
tenses and relaxes seeking to slip  
out of the cycle of matter.  
manifesting as it breaks into space,  
light knows it cannot escape  
the lapse into waveless darkness,  
unconsciousness outside of time.  
frustrated at the edge of form ,  
light tenses, but cannot escape shape  
light relaxes, but cannot keep awake

light slips into sleep only to dream  
the waking vision of shining  
in the midst of the sharp delirium of dream  
the deep bends in the ocean of radiance crack  
light tenses  
and breaks into waking matter again

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
September 11, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

## AT THE EDGE OF FORM II

at the edge of form,  
light tenses  
tenses and flows  
tenses and flows  
unrestrained radiance in full pulse  
pulls vacuum into the vector of its building intent,  
the vector of its coalescing,  
increasingly forming intent---the latent  
light in darkness laid open.

tenses and flows  
tenses and flows  
at the edge of form,  
in and out its own growing labyrinthine pulse  
unrestrained radiance pulls  
pulls vacuum into the vector of its own  
growing intent

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
January 16, 1987

*"I, UNIVERSE"----*  
*THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS*  
*POEMS*

**AT THE EDGE OF FORM III**

at the edge of form  
light tenses  
but does not resolve  
the darkneses  
into the harmonics of radiance unleashed  
at the edge of form  
light tenses and falls back  
from the blackness, choppy-waved  
and out of phase

at the edge of form  
light tenses  
but does not break from brittleness  
light tenses and then flexes  
light bends and gathers  
black holes into its stretching spectrum

at the edge of form  
light tenses and flexes  
making room for darkneses  
in the overtones of the harmonics of radiance  
the song of radiance expands and grows

Q. R. Quasar

at the edge of form  
light grows into scintillant shape  
incorporating darkness  
into the moving body of light  
light breathes dark voids  
and exhales galactic chords  
radiance resolves the darkneses  
into the growing spaces of harmonics  
of its own tune, light's bright rising song  
at the edge of form  
light flickers in and out of tune  
the harmonics of light flex and expand  
at the edge of form  
light tenses  
light tenses and flexes  
light flexes and flows  
flexes and flows back  
into the harmonic growth of it own song

at the edge of form  
light bounces higher off its own waves  
at the edge of form  
light achieves the radiant shape of growing song  
light's harmonics induce the void to dance

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
November 2, 1986 and  
February 6, 1987



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**AT THE EDGE OF FORM IV**

at the edge of form  
light tenses  
light tenses and flows  
at the edge of form  
light grows as it gropes  
towards unthought, unknown shape  
at the edge of form  
light grows as it gropes  
and tenses and flows

at the edge of form  
light moves around the black holes that suck  
the waves of light into discordance of shape  
at the edge of form  
some of the force of radiance does dissipate  
and some of the force does move and grow  
does move and grow around black holes  
does move and induce black holes to join in  
the harmonic spectrum of light's song

at the edge of form  
as light harmonizes the dull discordance of darkness,  
light achieves a shape at once solid and fluid,  
both potential and moving  
light achieves the singing shape of harmonic radiance  
in growth:  
all along the growing edge of radiance  
new harmonics take shape

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
February 6, 1987

**TRANSLIGHT**

**AT THE INSTANT OF IMPACT**

**(TRANSLIGHT NO. 1)**

at the instant of impact  
of Translight upon the heart,  
the Translight grows  
into a higher resonance of glow.  
the Translight grows  
into a higher form of radiance  
and gathers the heart into its glow

at the instant of impact  
of Translight upon the heart,  
Translight and heart grow  
One.

at the instant of impact  
of Translight upon the heart,  
the heart overflows with its forgotten glow.  
how could it ever forget  
the Translight  
is alive  
and growing?

the heart comes  
to participate in the great life of light.  
beyond all form,  
great radiance takes shape in the heart.  
the Translight grows great from  
the littleness that is the heart.

Q. R. Quasar

the boundless sea of radiance  
swamps and sweeps  
all hearts into its waves of light

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
June 27, 1986

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

## **TRANSLIGHT NO. 2**

Translight is light beyond  
light beyond light that you see  
you see Translight shining beyond shine  
shining beyond the shine you can see  
you can see the Trans-shine inside  
the great radiance that breaks into time and space.  
the Trans-shine has no time and place  
the Translight is every here, no where  
Transradiance is radiant beyond radiance  
Translight is light beyond

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
July 31, 1986

Q. R. Quasar

**THE GREAT TIME-HEART HARNESSING AND  
HARVESTING ITS OWN SCATTERED RADIANCE  
(TRANSLIGHT NO. 3)**

as the ocean of radiance breaks  
in upon the seawalls of the heart,  
light floods the deep recesses of the heartland  
and pulls all out in its undertow  
into the great Transglow  
that even now  
with the raw material of the heart  
is taking new shape beyond the known.  
great radiance in mid-step  
catches itself up  
and grows into ever more Transglow

beyond radiance in the spectrum of ultralight  
lies great radiance in the Great Time-Heart  
shaping the pulse of living time.  
the Translight of the Great Time-Heart  
ever so slowly is gathering itself  
from all the hearts it has made  
out of its own substance.

for the Transglow  
to come to life  
it was necessary that the Great Time-Heart explode  
and scatter itself in time/space forms.  
now that life is ripe,  
the Great Time-Heart can gather its light-blood  
from its scattered hearts and breathe its own  
radiance in an integral exponent of growth.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, late summer, 1986

**COSMIC WAVE**

Q. R. Quasar

### **COSMIC WAVE BREAKING**

here there everywhere now  
all along the eternal depth of void  
the cosmic wave is breaking  
radiance streams  
from the showers of time's ocean's heaving  
this is the place where the blood of light is gathered  
the Great Time-Heart cracks the cosmic wave whip  
and the void bursts into waking mind  
light cools into blood as it gathers  
for the next flood of the cosmic heartbeat,  
systolic flashblood sweep

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
June 21, 1986



“I, UNIVERSE”---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

## ALL DEBTS TO LIGHT FALL DUE

blood spot and sun myth continue to home anew  
in union beyond the dawn  
they mate when dawn cracks---  
one held breath in the golden time tells the story,  
when light takes on that heart-warming golden hue  
all debts to light fall immediately due

blood spot and sun myth continue to home a new  
union  
in conjunction they hold the light pulse and cresting  
light gets in its good licks  
in that state of grace  
of living radiance  
when the web-veins of lightning are turned on  
all debts to light fall immediately due  
in the currency of bloodshine  
this light does not short-circuit  
it is running us down  
in the vastness of its passion  
the pulse of our own shine comes into focus, congruent  
with beat of heart of light

Los Angeles  
ca. 1981-84

Q. R. Quasar

## THE RADIANCE OF THE COSMIC WAVE

beyond the home of all life's pain---  
driving, driving, driving....

beyond the home of all life's pain  
that light in me

is driving driving driving

beyond the last curl of the cosmic wave  
that light is driving driving driving

deeper than the root of this brain's pain---

driving driving driving

hurtling through time, burning off

layer after layer of life

driving driving driving

when all is said and done and silence has begun  
still that light is driving driving driving

when all the rising hope is blood-crushed, dust-mangled

the heart of light is beating streaking beating

it will find itself

driving driving driving

and gather the ocean's radiance

into the cosmic wave again

breaking breaking breaking...

the last curl, the last curl, the last curl,  
the last curl is gathering light, ever light

ever light, ever light, ever light

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
June 21 - September 26, 1986

**PERFECT LIGHT**

Q. R. Quasar

## **THE VOID/LIGHT INTERFACE**

the Great Time-Heart in motion  
is a pulsing Mobius Strip with light  
on one end and void on the other end

a Mobius Strip in motion  
has no beginning and has no end  
light and void flow into each other  
time is the medium of transfusion

Takoma Park, Maryland  
July 3, 1992

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**THE MARRIAGE OF PERFECTION  
AND IMPERFECTION**

i

if Shiva is pregnant and androgynous  
then the two sexes are perfection  
and imperfection

ii

always  
there is imperfection  
but it is not  
imperfection  
Shiva moves  
from perfection to perfection  
because, as Shiva moves,  
Shiva gathers the outside  
imperfection into the inside  
perfection: every move  
Shiva makes  
is perfect in motion,  
is complete while unfinished

when Shiva moves---  
as Shiva moves---  
and when Shiva is still  
the incomplete dissolves through consciousness  
into completion  
every tiny instant of time

Q. R. Quasar

is poised on the stamp of perfection

as Shiva moves,

as Shiva stills,

Shiva stamps the transcendent calm of perfection

Takoma Park, Maryland

September 28, 1991

**SHIVA'S DANCE: THE PERFECT STEP OUT OF  
STEP**

i

it is the broken link  
that makes the chain hold  
it is the arc that is not there  
that makes the circle whole  
it is the hole in the heart of the universe  
that makes the heart full  
it is the step that is out of step  
that makes the dance-step perfect  
it is the part that can never be understood  
that brings understanding to completion  
it is the leak of blood through an open wound  
that makes the heart-pound of circulation a closed system  
it is the time in which you fail to understand  
woven in with the time in which you do understand  
that makes the banner of understanding  
    ripple in the wind  
    and fly at full mast

Shiva dances knowing and unknowing  
it is Shiva's unknowing that is the key to Shiva's knowing  
Shiva comes to know in a thunderclap  
it is the lightning that forms a backdrop  
    for the piercing black harmonies of darkness

Q. R. Quasar

11

imperfection slews around in a savage momentum,  
the broken circle gathering perfection in motion.  
as the dancer stumbles out of step,  
the imperfect rhythm is subsumed  
and integrated into the perfect.  
and as the dancer stumbles out of step,  
the dance shifts dimension gears into realms divine.

it is as Shiva prays  
that Shiva attains the divine state  
it is the imperfection of Shiva's motion  
that directly brings on perfect transcendence---  
the radiance of Shiva in perfect stillness,  
the blackness so complete it shines in scintillant,  
unmitigated white.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
January 22 and 29, 1987



## **APPENDIX I: NO END TO LIGHT**

Q. R. Quasar

### **THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS**

in my heart is the Great Time-Heart  
at the outer reaches of the furthest flung galaxies,  
the vacuum pericardium of the Great Time-Heart pulsates.

when all the crashing groans and gravely scrapings  
in my heart are clearly heard  
it becomes apparent that something is trying  
to grope its way to some form of light.  
at the push-pull, everywhichway kick-kick-kick  
some foetal radiance is moaning its way into waking  
in the sun factory of my heart  
the quick-beat of light comes to life: tick, tick, tick.  
the Great Time-Heart is squeezing Itself  
through the uterus of space  
into the new universe of self-radiance,  
the open high way of light

this poem will not end  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop speaking  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop beating  
the Great Time-Heart breathes vacuum  
the void is the body of blood-radiance  
the tongue of the Great Time-Heart  
sings intense ecstasy in the sun storm of my heart,  
squeezes aortic radiance into the mainline of my eyes.  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop beating  
the Great Time-Heart will not stop speaking  
this poem will not end

**APPENDIX II: FORTHCOMING  
TITLES**

Q. R. Quasar

*Buddha Time & Aum* (Poems; Joint Books)

*The Archangel Commands Your Rapture* (Short Stories)

*Nezhual: Aztec Sorcerer Kings* (Novel)

*Light First, Light Last & Ocean of Suns* (Poems; Joint Books)

*Lucifer, Archangel of Radiance & Angel in the Divine Zone*  
(Poems; Joint Books)

*Huizilopochtli: The Aztec Book of Light*

*Leopard-Lizard & Shiva: Lord of the Dance* (Poems; Joint Books)

*Light Resurgent*

*Void & Watching the Universe Die* (Poems; Joint Books)

*LSD Calculus & Acid* (Experimental Genres; Joint Books)

*In the Year of the Rat & Poems from Chicago* (Poems; Joint Books)

*Persian Translations:*

- a) *The Expanse of Green* (S. Sepehri; Poems, UNESCO reprint)
- b) *Rebirth* (F. Farrokhzad; Poems, reprint)
- c) *Poems of Nima Yushij*
- d) *The Search for the Water of Life by Alexander the Great and Khezr in the Land of Darkness* (Ferdowsi and Nizami)
- e) *Calamity* ('Attar)

**APPENDIX III: SELECTED POEMS  
TO BE PUBLISHED IN  
FORTHCOMING BOOKS**

Q. R. Quasar

## Litany for Light

i

this is it.  
this is not a rehearsal for eternity.  
this is it.  
light is eternity now.  
this is it.  
light is not an idea.  
light is live. light shines.  
the closure of darkness opens here.

ii

this is it.  
light does not shine on the promised land—  
light is the promised land.  
light makes no promises—  
light is all promise fulfilled.  
light is the answer that has no question.

this is it.  
light has no history—  
light is instantaneous presence.  
light does not shine on a new age—  
light shines on age after age  
light shines on...  
light is its own time zone.  
light shines now.  
light is not new.  
light shines on

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

light shines time through time through time...  
light is not a one-night stand.  
light shines next.

    light shines on  
light shines and shines while no one is looking.  
light does not turn off  
light shines and shines...

        light shines on  
light is here to stay day and night.  
light is steadfast and heartfast.  
light shines inside and out.  
light is solid radiance through and through.  
light shines now and next.  
light shines and shines...  
light shines on

light does not stop you from falling  
  into the dark—  
the dark makes you fall/fly into light.  
light shines and shines...

                                  light shines on  
light shines in and out  
the formless fabric of void  
light plays both sides of the mind-space line.

light does not hold you together in the void—  
you shine as you fall/fly apart  
                                  into light.

light shines in you and out  
light shines on light  
light swims in its own shine  
light streams in its own storm of radiance

Q. R. Quasar

light shines on

this is it:

this is eternity now:

light is shining.

light shines on...

Riyadh, Saudia Arabia

October/November, 1985

Takoma Park, Maryland

January 26, 1992; & October 14, 2005

& 15 January 2008



*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**I CAN'T KEEP UP (WITH ALL THIS BEAUTY)**

I give up.  
I cannot keep up with it:  
this beauty raining down on me,  
beauty raining down all over me—  
I can't keep up with all this beauty,  
so I sit down  
and let it rain

when you are there, you know  
you are there  
and beauty comes as your host—  
you play the part of guest;  
beauty comes to you as host.  
you pale before beauty as a guest—  
but the perfection of beauty  
is that you let go  
and let perfection flow  
over you,  
just say, "Thank you."

Silver Spring, MD, USA  
Late November, 2000

Q. R. Quasar

### RA-RISE

the din of combat grows dim and far  
as Ra, Disk-Master, goes down in the murk.  
slowly the battle groan  
   floats into western gloam  
as the night comes on  
   growing dark  
and rumors of Ra's transparent corpse—  
   etched in transcintillance  
   and sinking with all its within-glow—  
are carried on the rising wind chill.

in my right oracle  
where all dead breath should fall  
the full moon  
   with light haunt  
brazenly blazons  
   the clarion echo of Radiance-Ra.

in my right auricle  
'gins to rise again Ra.  
deep in the heart zone.  
the light-shriek  
   starts to descry the white horizon  
where dreams fully waking  
   Ra-Rise.  
all by itself, sings itself to life  
   Radiance!

Los Angeles, 1982? The opening poem of *The Ocean of  
Suns* (supposedly published in *The Greatest Poems of the  
Twentieth Century* [1983])

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**Quasar Radiant**

Quasar Radiant i am  
with my black hole inside  
and light  
shining from me  
and diving  
into me

i wake up  
and the radiance  
swirling around me and through me  
is turbid and muffled

i have to gather the darkness  
and squeeze the clouds into harmony  
and let the laser light  
shine out  
on all frequencies to link up  
with living light wherever it  
is live

Quasar Radiant i am  
with my black hole inside  
i invite light  
to come  
and live in me

from my black hole  
i radiate, i shine  
i communicate all light  
i invite all light

Q. R. Quasar

Quasar Radiant i am

Silver Spring, Maryland

Virgo Cluster

May 22, 2004

Thanks to al-Mutanebbi for his guidance in displaying  
*mubalagha* (roughly, “hyperbole”).

**LUCIFER NO. 1: LUCIFER ON A WAVELENGTH  
OF SURGING RADIANCE**

i

Lucifer on a wavelength of surging radiance  
burns on in the heights.  
no flames attend his resplendence.  
the silence of his burning  
is lambent stillness  
on the piercing tongue of radiance.  
Lucifer speaks light.

ii

Lucifer on a wavelength of surging radiance  
has never fallen to infrared hell darkness—  
yet, instead, ultraviolet,  
even vibrating beyond sheer splendent white,  
the brilliance of Lucifer has gone beyond the bounds  
of men's desire to pierce the blinding brightness  
so high does Lucifer's light shine—  
the unbearable resplendence becomes well-nigh invisible.

men by stumbling have let their eyes fall,  
men by mumbling have sworn darkness holds them thrall.  
not, not, it is not Lucifer's fault  
that minds of men grew dim and murk-bound.  
the thunder has so shaken their eyes,  
their hearts cannot hear the lightning singing  
on high, on high, as always, on high!

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia; 7 August 1986  
(opening poem of *Lucifer, Archangel of Radiance*)

Q. R. Quasar

### The Geäs Runs Deeper

dug down to bedrock  
    and could go no further—  
the geäs runs deeper  
the geäs runs deeper  
    and will not take “no” as a roadblock

Lao Tzu said that what makes the world move  
    is a misty, unwieldy thing—  
he said he didn’t know what it was  
    so he styled it “The Way” (*Tao*)

the geäs runs in the magma veins of “The Way”  
Lao Tzu said, “the feminine (*yin*) is stronger  
    because it always takes the lowest position.”  
thus the water of *yin* wears away the *yang* of rock—

but the geäs runs deeper:  
the geäs runs in the magma veins of “The Way”

the geäs runs in the Pony Express of stars  
the geäs communicates from void to void  
void communicates onto void via the geäs

nothing lies next to nothing  
nothing abuts onto nothing  
the geäs connects nothing to nothing via friction  
the geäs is busy making the void blaze  
the geäs runs underneath the void’s skin  
the geäs is dark energy compressed, implosive  
the geäs is busy making the void live (live) ablaze

“I, UNIVERSE”---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

almost all the galaxies we see—  
    including “The Great Attractor” we cannot see  
    are busy  
    vacating their space and rushing  
    towards “The Even Greater Attractor”  
    (which we also cannot see)—  
they are running at 26 thousand miles per minute

the geäs runs deeper  
the geäs is a stream of light in my heart  
the geäs sets the void ablaze alive

inside and outside my heart

the geäs is a stream of light in my heart  
I *pump it out*  
the geäs runs, the geäs streams.  
I *pump it out*

when the word of light bites the void,  
radiance flushes

the geäs makes me carry the word of light  
*now I bite*

here comes the blood-light  
I *pump it out*

NOTE: a geäs ( pronounced originally as “gesh” in Gaelic) is  
a magical compulsion that drives the one on whom the geäs is

Q. R. Quasar

laid until the geäs is fulfilled—or the “be- geäsed” dies trying.  
Thanks to Paul Hopper and Sunil Freeman at the Writer’s  
Center in Bethesda, Maryland, for tracking down the original  
pronunciation. I am following the Anglo-Saxon (Old  
English) pronunciation of “ea” as in “the Geats” (Gay-ots) of  
*Beowulf*.

Whitehall, Michigan; 16th Aug. 2007  
Silver Spring, Maryland; 17th Aug, 2007  
Earth, Sol System, Milky Way Galaxy  
Local Group of Galaxies,  
Virgo Cluster of Galaxies,  
Outside the Great Wall of Galaxies  
in motion towards the “Great Attractor”  
in motion towards the “Even Greater Attractor”



**VOID NO. 5: *KUMITE* (FULL CONTACT)**

this is not your normal blood sport—  
this is full contact—with the void.  
there is no competition, no strife,  
with any of the animals, especially  
with other human beings.  
the nature of full contact with the void  
does not allow us to preen  
in front of the mirror of nothingness.  
we, ourselves, are blood-lined to the void:  
if void is not our "greatgrandfather/mother,"  
then, what is?  
when we face the void,  
we see ourselves.

in this jiu-jitsu with the void,  
we use the power of the onrush of nothingness  
to flip into consciousness  
we step into our own  
electric-attractive mirror-image of nothingness  
when we face the void, we see ourselves.  
when we know ourselves to be the void,  
we wear our true dimensions like skin and bones—  
like skin and bones and rippling muscles of the void.  
when we face the void, we see ourselves  
when we face the void, we undulate—  
we undulate in the spaces of consciousness  
we are the warders of the wild garden of consciousness  
we are the warders in the wild and open waves

Q. R. Quasar

we undulate in the spaces of consciousness  
we howl like the whales in the wild and open  
the only language is consciousness.  
we undulate in the vast void of spaces of consciousness  
light shimmers in our wake  
light shimmers in waves  
we undulate and radiate  
we radiate in the spaces of consciousness  
we are the holy ghosts that haunt the void  
we radiate in the spaces of consciousness

Silver Spring, Maryland, U.S.A.  
March 8-9, 1996

Note: The take-off point of this poem is from an earlier poem (1980):

O no!—again!—hand  
-to-hand combat  
with the void...

-

### Manifesto for COSMIC POETRY (Literature/Art)

On the advantages of assuming that *Homo sapiens* is not the only self-conscious being/existent/species in the universe...whether there (1) *are* or (2) *are not* other self-conscious beings/species, or--better yet--whether we learn of such or make contact with such--or they make contact with us or our work:

1. If there are other self-conscious beings/existents/species in the universe--or rather, if other self-conscious beings encounter our work, both artistic and otherwise (*e.g.*, mathematical or scientific), we shall have contributed *directly* to the *oicumene*/community-at-large of conscious beings. Thus, our work, and most particularly, our artistic work will not have been merely provincial or “worldly” (planet-wide), but galactic, perhaps trans-galactic, and perhaps even universal (not as hyperbole, but in the true sense: of and directed at the universe). Of course, it would be better to know the nature(s) of such other self-conscious beings, the better to include them as we address them.

To recapitulate: we make contact with other self-conscious, extraterrestrial, beings through our work, artistic and otherwise.

2. If other self-conscious, extraterrestrial, beings/species never encounter our work--whether other such beings do or do not exist, have or have not existed, or will or will not exist--and thus, for all practical purposes, we

Q. R. Quasar

human beings (and perhaps, our fellow intelligent terrestrial species of whales and porpoises in our Earth's oceans) are and will remain alone and unique as self-conscious--let me even posit: "transconscious"--beings, our attempt to communicate to the universe will not have been in vain. Just the perspective that one is forced to take to attempt to communicate with putative non-human self-conscious beings in a meaningful art form raises our artistic attempts to a much higher level of expression than we would have if we merely attempted to communicate with our fellow human beings--whether in the narrow sense of a culture or subculture, let alone in the less narrow sense of a worldwide (earthwide) culture.

To recapitulate: we never make contact with any other self-conscious beings in the cosmos with our art, poetry, science, etc. Yet we address the universe-at-large as if they did or will yet exist. This widens the range of our art and poetry. This is the second possibility. For all practical purposes this is where we are now. ("Now" is relative: please see below for the local determination of time.)

It is just for these reasons that I have been attempting for the last twenty-five years to write poetry that is/would be universal in both space and time. A significant set of poems in the *Watching the Universe Die* and *Quasar Radiant* series exemplify this tendency. "I, Universe:" *The Great Time-Heart Speaks* is wholly in this vein. Perhaps the poem that best exemplifies this time/space universality of consciousness is "In Universal Grief Before the Coming Heat Death." I append it here for purposes of illustration.

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

This urge and attempt at "cosmic expression" is what it means to be sovereign in expression in all time and space, to address beings in all time and space: This is the proverbial "reach beyond one's grasp:" to attempt to write/compose/create what will ever be the best for all beings in all time and space. For this it is worth all our heart-pound and blood-pulse to translate ourselves to frequencies in which even beings without hearts and blood--or even eyes and ears--can be enthralled in the stream of polar energies that we transmit from our sovereign being(s).

Silver Spring, Maryland, United States of America,  
Earth, Solar System, Milky Way Galaxy,  
Local Group of Galaxies, Virgo Cluster of Galaxies  
Outside the Great Wall of Galaxies  
(all streaming headlong towards  
the unknown and unidentified "Great Attractor"  
and the "Even Greater Attractor")

March 27, A.D./C.E. 2006, Earth Time

Q. R. Quasar

## IN UNIVERSAL GRIEF BEFORE THE COMING HEAT DEATH\*

here we now see you already in grief  
as you see yourselves as the last of the lasts  
we are mirrors of your consciousness  
as you see the end  
and you see us deep in the spring of the universe  
seeing you deep in the gravity well of the heat death  
we are dying in the spring as we watch you die  
we are grieving in the spring as you begin to grieve for all  
we are talking about bone-dry at the bottom of the well  
of time  
we are already parched  
for time is transparent  
and we are all rats in the glassy  
labyrinth of time

all we can do is love and wave--  
and, when looking back, you see us,  
you'll recognize us by our eyes, for we've been crying  
for you and all us

all the way through time

sure, the sun was bright   and the grass was green  
but we saw the heat death

creeping, creeping

up through time

and we cried and shivered

for us   and for you  
aeons before  
you opened your eyes.

"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

wake up! it is morning  
on the last day of the universe.  
we are with you, you last ones,  
to the voidfall, to the end.

Silver Spring, MD, 06.18.1996  
(from *Watching the Universe Die*)

\*heat death: the thermodynamic end of the universe when  
there is no more energy left to be used in any way, all energy  
having been already dispersed.

Q. R. Quasar

## When Protons Decay

**i**

when protons decay  
the universe thins back  
to its native void-vacuum

when protons decay  
and space speeds away  
the Great Time-Heart's  
matrix consciousness, woven  
of time-long rays of light---  
when protons decay in the un-  
thinkably far future, the Great  
Time-heart's matrix of consciousness,  
massive as braided, splays away,  
the strands unraveling, the rays thinned  
to fade-away, the veins of radiance  
that bridged the all-void snap!--

(that is too hopeful a word:  
“snap”--no, they just dissipate)  
the underlying syntax of light  
dissolves into the allwhere chasm  
of sideless, topless, bottomless blackness

consciousness, the self and ground of light's growth,  
no longer knows its own...  
now at the nowhere

when protons decay,  
consciousness is now un-...



“I, UNIVERSE”---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

ii

when protons decay,  
the matrix is unglued.  
when protons decay,  
there is no grip for light to grasp,  
no hand left to light to reach with,  
no mass for light to breathe in--  
only full null now left:  
consciousness is now  
un-...

(concluding poem from *Watching the Universe Die*)

August 15-22, 2001, C.E./A.D.  
Michillinda, Michigan, USA  
Earth, Solar System, Milky Way Galaxy,  
Local Group of Galaxies, Virgo Cluster of Galaxies  
Outside the Great Wall of Galaxies  
(all streaming headlong towards  
the unknown and unidentified “Great Attractor”  
and the “Even Greater Attractor”)

Q. R. Quasar

## THE LEGACY OF LIGHT

### (EGYPTIAN SERIES)

when dark clouds had gathered and cast their pall  
a resplendence beyond endurance shattered the sky  
the shards of sky rose to the zenith  
brilliance powering them with shine from behind  
the shards coalesced into unrecognizable forms  
of ancient Egyptian gods and hieroglyphs:  
was it Ra there, Osiris over there, or Horus  
rising through the colors of the rainbow?—  
I didn't know

the ghosts of ancient Egypt came to haunt me  
--Un-nefer, Nebertcher, Ra-Tmu-Harmachis—  
they came pummeling and hounding  
lest their ancient vision of luminous being  
be left behind in the dust of graves  
their claws of light grew into my brain  
with the undivided shine—"Only One"—  
always rising behind.

Silver Spring, MD 5/27/95  
from a dream in San Francisco,  
August, 1970.

"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

**ANGEL 100: WHEN ANGEL COMES UP FOR  
LIGHT**

**(INSTINCT TO LIGHT, No. 3)**

when angel comes up for light  
the ocean, so opaque, goes through sea-change  
when angel opens its eyes to breathe  
angel is flying in the ocean of suns

angel's eyes are in its wings  
angel's mouth is in its heart  
angel's wings beat arterial light  
angel's eyes pump radiance into its primal source  
light flows into first light  
(this story is parsecs beyond fusion furnaces)  
light and void trade chromosomes in angel's eyes

angel is on the Divine Divide  
angel's wings and eyes are in light;  
angel's mouth and feet are in the dark.  
angel's heart beats out light into both sides  
angel's mouth makes magic real in the dark  
angel speaks light

Washington, D.C.  
Silver Spring, Maryland  
24 May 1996  
(from *Angel in the Divine Zone*)

Q. R. Quasar

### LIZARD-CAT LICKS LIGHT

noon suns stun the lizard-cat at mid-day's daze  
while the autumnal leaves call the fall  
late in the Berkshire's vermillion blaze  
the lizard-cat is lost in memories' light plays  
the dazzilance of sorrows dance through its gall  
time's spectrum breaks down  
into blues and blacks

with all this mad-jawing and clawing around the dark  
the lizard-cat's native fifth column of light  
with thick blood-floods infiltrates this night  
again it is high noon

the lizard-cat is not bored  
by the glare-glint brand of granite sun  
the pores between its scales breathe  
the fire-light

the pure inferno is now solidified incandescence  
the lizard-cat makes its stand  
at the pinnacle of radiance

Los Angeles; Summer, 1982  
(from *Leopard-Lizard*)

*"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS*

**INSTINCT TO LIGHT, NO. 7:**

**FALLING HEAVILY UP INTO LIGHT**

at the pinnacle of light is the true  
gravitational base in disguise  
this deep heaviness of light pulls you up  
until you fall into the ever-upper sky

light at the upper reaches  
becomes manifest as pure mass.  
once you get high enough,  
light's sovereign pull holds away—  
an incontrovertible pull that will not be brooked;  
it trumps the "normal," expected, fallback.  
it hauls you the rest of the way  
until your mass, your self, is light's mass  
pure in the falling  
pure in the falling into  
pure in the falling up

all things consciousness touches  
are indistinguishable in the sheer shine, light's mass

Silver Spring, Maryland  
12 February 1997

Q. R. Quasar

**Tathagata: Prajnaparamita Sutra Retake  
(Heart of Wisdom Sutra), No. 1**

gyate, gyate, hanya gyate,  
sowaka gyate, parasamgyate  
gyate, gyate, paragyate,  
parasamgyate boddhi svaha

gone, gone, gone beyond  
gone all the way gone  
gone way beyond gone  
gone beyond, gone beyond the beyond

still here in the mixed pixels of pain  
but already gone  
and already back  
all here in the clear  
all here  
all here  
the mixed pixels of pain dancing  
all the while

gone, gone, gone beyond  
gone all the way gone  
and still going gone  
gone way beyond gone  
and still going right here  
all here  
gone beyond, gone beyond the beyond  
and always arriving here,  
all here  
all here

"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

gone beyond, beyond  
gone beyond the beyond  
but always arriving here  
all here  
all here

Baltimore & Silver Spring, MD  
08.08.08—08.10.08  
(from *Buddha Time*)

Q. R. Quasar

Light Resurgent  
(Tombstone Poem)

all these years in shock  
you've been thinking, "what happened!?"  
after the new lightning flash, you piece  
the answer together:

when you thought that light had lost its hold,  
it had not.  
it was just changing its grip:  
so it could shape the soul  
from within,  
so it could imbue the heart  
with even deeper hues of its glow

when you thought that light    was all    washed    out,  
it was not.  
it was just gathering tide swell  
              beyond the horizon of sight



"I, UNIVERSE"---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

when you thought that the thrust of light was repulsed--  
when you thought that light had fled, reeling, shattered,  
                    broken into fragments like an army in rout--  
it was not.      it had not.  
you were too tired to see  
light transforming the legions of the dawn,  
marshaling them beyond the far marches  
of the border void  
to make a new assault on the exhausted  
fastness of your heart  
light has known all along that your heart  
is the rightful throne of the domain of radiance  
light has known all along that you will come to light  
light has come again to claim its own.  
light has come again to claim its own.

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia  
27 June -26 Sept. 1986 A.D./C.E.  
(title poem of *Light Resurgent*)

Q. R. Quasar

### HUITZILOPOCHTLI NO. 60: JUST THE LIGHT

Huitzilopochtli on live  
the holy spirit stripped bare  
no culture as clothes  
no ritual as atmosphere  
no priests to cover up the light  
no sacrifices, no blood on the knives,  
no bleeding down the temple steps,  
no lives  
cut--  
just the light, the pure, the naked  
light.  
just the power, the power to jump  
the ages  
just the living light that crosses  
the vacuum void  
and screams in my heart:  
I shine  
I shine  
just the pure light  
I shine

Youngstown, Ohio  
4 August 1997  
Whitehall, Michigan, USA  
6 August 1997

(First published in *Twilight Musings*, International Library of  
Poetry, Owings Mills, MD, 2005; p. 1; concluding poem of  
*Huitzilopochtli, The Aztec Book of Light*)

*"I, UNIVERSE"----*  
*THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS*  
*POEMS*

**DEEP RADIANCE, No. 1**

the gloss is off  
the gloss is off  
          the skin  
the sheen has shone  
          and gone

what is left is the heart-core  
          covered with year-layers of ash

what do we expect of the heart-sun  
          in the year  
                  after year  
                  after year...?

--except to shine  
          brighter than ever  
when compressed back  
          into the home zone of radiance

the gloss is off  
but heart-radiance has hit  
the main sequence of stars  
the radiance will press out

Q. R. Quasar

we all know better...  
the gloss is off  
we all know better...  
we all know better than to think  
                  that just because the gloss is off  
                  that our shine is diminished  
we all know better...  
we all know better than to think  
that just because the gloss is off  
that I-Universe cannot shine deeper than ever  
we all know better...  
the gloss is off  
but the deep radiance has just begun  
to do its work in the far parsecs  
of time-space yet to come  
                                  to mind

we all know better...  
the deep radiance has just begun  
the deep radiance has just begun

Silver Spring, Maryland, U.S.A.  
20 August 2000 & June/July 2001

“I, UNIVERSE”---  
THE GREAT TIME-HEART SPEAKS  
POEMS

**DEEP RADIANCE, No. 2**

I, Universe, shine  
in love-amplitudes  
for which there is yet  
no measure  
except  
the scream

we all know better...  
we all know better than to think  
    that just because the gloss is off  
    that we cannot shine brighter than ever  
    that we, I-Universe, cannot shine  
    deeper than ever  
        in the black vastness  
    inside and around us

we all know better...  
the gloss is off the void  
but the deep radiance has just begun  
to take hold in void vastness  
    inside and around us  
the deep radiance has just begun to take hold  
deep radiance has just begun  
    to call *this*:  
        “home”  
the deep radiance has *just* begun  
the deep radiance has just *begun*.

Late July & 8 August 2001, Silver Spring, Maryland  
(Published in *The Best Poems & Poets of 2007*, The International  
Library of Poetry, Owings Mills, MD, 2008)



